

A Fascination with Seagulls

Story: A Fascination with Seagulls

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Summary: Birthday fic for the Becster. Picard x Felix, light shonen ai, plus parody! Picard's birthday has passed, and Felix was totally in the dark, but a most vengeful seagull proves to make the entire mess quite noteworthy.

***Chapter 1*: A Fascination with Seagulls**

A Fascination with Seagulls

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A/N: Please don't ask about that title. It came after much thought and debate, and you do NOT ask a woman about things that she's already decided with the other internal voices in her head once they've been thoroughly debated over and decided.

This is meant to be a slight parody of how little Felix speaks in-game... And you know what they say about the silent ones. :P So just take my sarcasm and ridicule of Felix (I *do* love him!) in stride, darlings. Oh, and, it does poke fun at the assumption that girls evil, particularly Jenna. Just deal, I'm sure you'll get a decent ride out of it nonetheless. (that sound so pervy in retrospect. oh well.)

And I find it entirely too hilarious you can fight *seagulls* in game. WHUT.

Disclaimer: Don't own this, don't own anything relating to the production or ownership of these characters (that I'm abusing and turning into lovesick boylove puppies). If I DID, there'd be mansmut galore.

(How many readers did I scare off with that disclaimer alone? Sigh.)

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A Fascination with Seagulls

(Late) Birthday fic for the Becster, second wifey and muchly loved fellow fangirl of all things Picard/Felix-smex related.

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Felix was doing his usual *I'm being unintentionally sexy and honestly don't know it*-brooding while he steered the ship (which he knew was extremely dangerous, but hey) while on their "very long cruise," or so Sheba put it. The reasons Sheba called it a "very long cruise" and not just "a trip that made one very seasick and worried for their lives" will not be disclosed here, for reasons relating to length and time.

Felix, of course, had trained himself to not turn around when people intruded on his brooding time, and acted as though he were ignoring them while knowing fully well that they were there.

Today, it was Picard. Iris knew what Jenna and Sheba were doing to amuse themselves, and he personally didn't want to know or cared that much, so long as it didn't involve either burning something (that usually meant him) or breaking something (that also went for him).

"Good morning, Felix."

Felix made one of those "Hn" noises that *unintentionally sexy and honestly didn't know it* broody guys made while they were brooding and were somewhat unhappy at being interrupted.

"Nice day, isn't it? Lots of wind. We might make it to Yallam today."

Felix then made a "Mm" noise that meant *Please go away before I'm forced to pitch you over the side of the ship for*

interrupting my broody time but was normally incorrectly translated as a *Well, okay* sort of response.

Picard took a deep breath of the sea air and didn't say anything for a while, which made Felix secretly (*very* secretly) disappointed. The broody side of him went *Meh*.

Then, out of the blue: "Yesterday was my birthday."

Before the broody side of him could stop him, he squeaked. You know, *squeaked*. The way young men will when their abusive younger sisters lunge for them with normally something blunt and heavy.

"You... didn't tell me." Broody!Felix managed to cover up for the squeak hastily, but Picard was still smiling down at his hands on the ship's railing.

"Ah, well. Hadn't occurred to me until this morning." Picard shrugged one shoulder, smiling at him.

The part of Felix that had squeaked deflated and began crying in a corner of Felix's expansive mind. Broody!Felix went *Gah, stupid Lemurian*. "You're that old?"

Picard raised an eyebrow at him. "Well. I *am* older than I'd like to admit, but..."

"You really forgot?" Felix corrected himself, turning hastily back to the ocean before them.

Picard seemed to mull over this for a while. Probably coming up with another one of his cryptic Lemurian comebacks. Broody!Felix waited tensely while Squeaky!Felix went on crying. "Actually, I did remember. I just didn't want to tell the rest of you."

Felix hoped he managed to clear the rocks of a nearby small island expertly, pleading with the gods that the creaky wood sound he was hearing as they went on by was a *good* thing, for once. "Why not?"

"You'd embarrass me, like you did before."

Wuss! went the angry side of Broody!Felix. "I didn't say anything the last time," he said defensively, eyeing a seagull sitting innocently nearby suspiciously.

"But did you help me? *No.*"

The seagull squawked and turned its beady gaze onto Felix. Felix glared back. *Go away, vile nuisance!* Broody!Felix exclaimed. "Because I didn't want to get caught up in something like your age with my sister and her sidekick."

Picard sighed deeply, his shoulders rising and falling heavily. "I suppose that's understandable, considering your sister..."

Felix clenched and his jaw and mentally screamed at the seagull to *go away* before he was forced to Ragnarok the stupid thing into lunch. The seagull clucked (*They cluck?* Squeaky!Felix asked of Broody!Felix) to its fellows, and several others joined the first, settling down on the railing on the other side of the Venus Adept. In a distracted voice, Felix told Picard, "I wouldn't have made fun of you."

"Well, that's nice to know, Felix, but my birthday's passed, and I'm just a year older now." The sailor said quietly, turning his head to look at Felix. "...What are you looking at, Felix?"

I swear it, I WILL be the end of you! Broody!Felix snarled as Felix jumped and glanced over at Picard. "Um, what?"

Picard tilted his head back and saw the seagulls there, looking completely and utterly blameless. "Oh, seagulls." With a smile, Picard asked Felix, "Do you hold a fascination with seagulls?"

"*No*," Felix replied vehemently, twisting the wheel of the ship violently in an attempt to get them off. The ship lurched, but the seagulls merely bobbed a bit and did nothing more.

"Felix!" Picard shouted, clutching at the railing desperately. "Felix, *what are you doing!*"

Felix waited until the ship stilled before answering. "Trying to get rid of the seagulls."

"...Felix..." Picard muttered exasperatedly, walking around behind him and shooing the birds away. They squawked as they flew off, and Felix could've sworn one stuck its tongue out at him. "There. They're gone."

"Thank you." Felix said in a tone that wasn't totally devoid of gratitude, returning to calmly manning the wheel without a further moment. Picard sighed as he returned to his former spot.

"You're welcome." The Lemurian said, putting one elbow against the smooth wood of the boat. "Honestly, Felix, you don't need to endanger our lives over some *seagulls*."

Yes I do. Broody! Felix sniffed haughtily. *I angst sexily. Therefore I am allowed to do whatever I please.* "...You don't know those seagulls." Felix muttered after a moment, eyeing the horizon out of the corner of his eye.

"Pardon me?"

"Nothing. Never mind." The Venus Adept amended quickly, swallowing the lump in his throat. "I... I'm just feeling a little under the weather, that's all."

"You are?" From mildly frustrated!Lemurian to compassionate, caring, and concerned!Lemurian in .04 seconds. Felix felt proud of himself. "All this cold air must be bad for your health..."

Picard touched his arm, and Felix jerked. Yeah, *under the weather*. Now he wouldn't be allowed to sail freely with Picard at the helm and the girls fussing over him. Felix *loved* sailing as he chose -- they could land wherever and whenever he said so, and, yes, Felix was quite the power-hungry one. Didn't look it at first, but indeed, Felix was after *power*.

That was totally off-topic, Squeaky! Felix commented shyly.

The Lemurian will be MINE! Mine, I tell you! MINE! laughed Broody!Felix.

Felix spotted the seagulls coming back to the ship in a flock out of the corner of his eye. "I was going to tell you something on your birthday, actually."

Keep your distance, foul fowl! Broody!Felix shouted angrily.

Picard took a step back, letting Felix steer the boat for the moment. "Ah, really? And are you sure you don't want to lay down or anything...?"

"I'm fine, really." Felix said in a tone that hopefully sounded sincere. "Don't worry so much. A leader has to be tough."

Picard raised an eyebrow. "And since when were you officially declared *leader*?"

"Well, I -- "

"SQUAWK!" went a seagull by Felix's head.

And "AAARGGHH!" went Felix.

Picard found himself facing a demonic-looking seagull with a terrified Felix shuddering behind him, clutching onto both him and the railing.

"Er." Picard started awkwardly, looking between the two and wondering vaguely which one proved to be more dangerous.

The seagull squawked (*IT SNARLED AT ME!* wailed Squeaky!Felix) and then flew off into the distance, disappearing into some fog Picard knew in the back of his mind would roll in by that evening.

Felix made a soft whimpering sound as Picard turned to try and face him. "It's, uh, gone now, Felix."

To Picard's chagrin (Well, sort of, that's what he was *supposed* to feel, at any rate), Felix only burrowed himself deeper into Picard's side. "...Evil..." mumbled Felix.

Picard hesitated for a moment, then carefully slid an arm around Felix. "I think you should go to bed, Felix. You... definitely need some rest."

"No! No, no. I'm fine here." Felix interjected, looking up from Picard's sleeve for the first time ever since the incident that would from then on would be referred to only as "the Seagull Encounter."

"...What does that mean, pray tell?"

"...Er, nothing."

"What were you going to tell me yesterday? You never said." Picard asked as a change of subject. He already had a hallucinating Felix on his hands; he didn't need a snappy moody one to go along with the first.

"I was..." Felix trailed off, feeling Picard's arm around him tightly briefly as they hit a wave that jolted the boat somewhat. "It's not important."

"Felix, if you need to tell me something, please do. It might change the future." Picard said gently, his arm never moving.

Well, duh, Broody! Felix muttered, rolling his eyes.

"Uh, well, I... I really like where I am now, if it helps." Felix tentatively said, shuddering when a cold breeze swept by them.

"Do you?" Picard smiled, his eyes bright.

"Umm..." Was it just him, or was Picard getting closer? ...Where was that hand going? "I..."

There was a shriek from the back of the ship, and they turned, separating. *"Stupid seagull! Leave me alone!"*

"...Was that Jenna?" Picard asked Felix.

Felix sighed, heavily, mentally cursing his sister for ruining his moment, even though that hand creeping along his backside had scared him momentarily. "I think so."

"Lovely," Picard said with a nod, this time picking up the sword leaning against the cabin as he walked off to the shoo the seagulls away another time, leaving Felix confused and alone at the helm once more.

"...Dumb seagulls," Felix muttered after a moment, grudgingly turning the wheel away from some pointy rocks leering at him as a Dragon Fume erupted from the back of the boat.

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END

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...Waaaah. That was a horrible birthday present.

It's late, and it... doesn't rock. Not that much. Sigh.

But review anyway. ;P And I love you, Becster!